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Dear Mr. Cook,

The Ramparts circular is enclosed. I do not need it. What you want is on the back page and is marked. I'll be surprised if they are doing the book Steve mentioned. Viking is the publisher, and they're making a big thing out of it. They may be able to do better than Ramparts, and the magazine end was set some time ago. The book is due the end of next month. The salesmen are offering it now, but saying very little about if if their Washington salesman in his yesterday's performance at one of his better customers' is a fair sample. I will tell you more after you finish reading mine, for I think you'll be happier that way. I do understand it is a strong book.

Steve did not tell you because he was keeping my secret. I had enough trouble without asking for more, like having a printer destroy the plates and mess up the negatives, then resign. It was really no secret, for my phone at least is quite public. I just didn't want to advertise it until I was giving out the press copies. The only mentions of which I am aware inx are a nice story in the London Times and some thing moved by either AFP or a paper sharing its DC office. I do expect more. I am happy The Nation sent you the copy. With your knowledge of the field, I hope for review. I didn t because I have already given away a thousand dollars worth of press copies and I haven't the slightest idea where the money to pay the printer is coming from.

Someday we'll get together and swap frustrations. You had a memo at Look; I had a finished book, and you'll soon know what it says. You are probably correct about The Nation's attitude. At some point someone is going to realize that the best answer is the truth, as close as man can approach it. There is no saving Earl Warren from his signature, but he needn't be the goat. I hope you will agree with and understand my perhaps eliptical treatment. I would like to hear from you when you finish, and on the chance you are reviewing, I'll say nothing about the contents.

My Preface is not in any sense an exaggeration, as you perhaps more than anyone will understand. The book is entirely my own. My only (and wonderful) helper was my wife, who wore out her typewriter with about three-quarters of a million words of typing on this subject alone, of which about a third of a million were notes. That is the extent of the research. Sylvia Meagher suggested the addition of several small and not organic things, perhaps four of which I used. One is the real Hidell, another is your very goo friend J. Edgar Hoover's trees, which I have preserved, I hope, alonside the Emperor's clothes, and another the reference to the FBI's bank check on Oswald. The manuscript was completed by mid-February 1965. The first limited edition (for protection) was copyrighted as I recall in early August. Since then I have been ready for publication. I delayed too long. Someday I'll tell you why.

What you have is the unedited first draft. All the editors said to leave it along, with the undeleted adjectives and sarcasm, because no two houses would edit it alike. If you have time to note suggestions, it might be helpful, for I still hope to attract regular publication. The baby is merely out of the placenta. It is not yet even dry. I am hopeful. There is a scheduled half-hour radio interview on a popular

Station
~~program~~ and an indefinite TV interview that may be next week. I am working on something much bigger about which I'm pledged to confidence. It looks good. I do think I've turned the corner. There is commercial distribution in Washington, but I know of no copies distributed other than the 748 I placed in the 19 stores I approached. One is averaging about 5 a day!

The odd but comprehensible thing is that the liberals fear for Earl Warren, the right for their own, and the others for themselves. Meanwhile, the late President had such friends he needed no enemies. His own brothers will not interest themselves in any aspect of the matter, even to reading a book, with no strings attached.

Some day I'm doing a book already outlined, noted and in small part written, entitled "Dick Daring In The Hellbox; or How I Got Rich in Six Months." It must wait for other things, including the lapse of time to prevent hurt to the many fine editors who did try to help.

I ramble because I'm tired and a friendly, encouraging letter, especially one delivered on time, is unusual and pleasant. Beginning in the morning I'll be busy getting ready for some of the things I've been working on and may not be able to answer. I do appreciate your good wishes, and I thank you for taking the time to extend them. I hope you'll be able to write after you finish the book.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg